

2
THE
EUNUCH.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it hath been Acted with Great Applause.

Written By
William Hemmings, Oxon.

Licensed,
March 26. 1687. Roger L'Estrange.

LO N D O N,

Printed by J. B. and are to be sold by Randal
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THE
EUINOCHE.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it hath beene Acted at the Court Appearall

Written by
William Heymynge Esq;

Printed for Richard Field at the Red Bull.

London.

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Dramatis Personæ.

The Eunuch.

The Old King.

Cloasre, The Young King.

Clovis, His Brother.

Fredegonde, The Queen.

Old Brisac.

Charles Brisac, His Son.

Apbelia, His Daughter.

Landrey, The Queen's Favourite.

Dumaine, Brother to the Eunuch.

Lamor, His Friend.

Burbon,

Ianone, Officers and Soldiers.

Martile,

Mabel, Ladies Attending the Queen.

Julia,

Page.

Lackey.

Two Watchmen.

A Messenger.

Dynastie D'Assas.

A Mengeuter.
Trocken.
Feste.
Wurzel.
Wurzel & Läuse Altenberg'sches Oest.
Lamone. { Officinalis sive Solanum
Purpur.
Venus. Haerodias
Dianthus. Procerus in his generis
Leucanthemum. Theogenes Paeoniae
Apolinaris. His Disceptator
Cyparis. His Sou.

Old Pittie.
Pachysandra. The Queen's Flower
Quercus. His Prioriter
Pachysandra. The Queen
The Old King
Gloriosa. The Young King

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dumaine and Lamot, like two Poor Soldiers.

Dumaine. WE are not safe *Lamor*, this Bawdy Peace
Begets a War within me, our Swords worn
For Ornament not use; the Drum, and Trumpet
Sing Drunken Carols, and the Cannon speaks
Health, not Confusion; Helmets turned to Cups;
Our bruised Arms administer discourse
For Tables, and for Taverns, where the Soldier
Oft finds a pity, not relief: I'll tell thee
We are walking Images, the sign of men,
And bear about us nothing but the form
Of man, that's manly.

Lamot. We are cold indeed.

Dum. Yes my *Lamot*, and the ungratefull Time
As coldly doth reward us, all our Actions,
Attempts of Valour look'd into with Eyes
Philmed with Contempt, when ye Gods, ye know,
It is our Gifts they see yet: Oh I am Mad!
The very Bread that lends them Life to scorn us,
Our Bloods have paid for, yet demand a bit,
Or ask of this Old-Sattin-Belly'd-Sir,
Or Madam-Toothless, with her Velvet Sconce,
And you shall hear their rotten Lungs pronounce
The Whip, and Whipstock.

Lamot. Patience, Great *Dumaine*.

Dum. *Lamot*, Thou know'st, I dare be Patient.
With what an equal Temper did I breath,
Under the Frozen Climate of the North,
Where in mine Arms, the Sheath of War, I Slept;
My Bed being feathered with the down of Heaven,
I have lain down a Man, and ris a Snow-Ball;
Yet these have been my Pastimes, which I have born
as willingly, as I receiv'd them Nobly.
The Queens black Envy which doth still remain,
And peeps through every Limb, she bears about her,
Faced to ruine us, does not swell my Gall;

No, nor this willing Beggary I wear
To cloud me from her Malice; by the Gods,
This Bastard-getting-Peace unspirits me,
~~A greater corrosive to my Active Soul,~~
Then all past-ills whatever.

Lamot. Cool your Regt, &c. And be as Wise as Valiant, this is not time
To vent your Passions like a Woman.

To vent your Passions like a Woman;
A Soldier-Tonut never only pins his Sword.

Dum. You are an expert Tutor and I thank you;
Our Wrongs would add a Spirit to the Dead,
And make them fight our quarrels. Who comes here? [A Floriss
The Minion to our Queen.] Oh what a train! Enter Landrey, 2
The Painted Peacock bears Death! were I young or a Lord, 2 or
But only for this Gyant. [Enter H. P. Petibon, who

Lamor. Still intemperate.
Dum. These are the fruits of Peace, upstarts, & flatteries; *by his followers are*
Tell me *Lamor,* can this same Marchant-Man, *Suff,* they are growed re-
Think or Commit a Sin, tho' never so Horrid *turn back ay any whilts*?
But it is candid o're, and from his Mice, *The pessives in State.*
Excessive praise, and plaudites arise.
Were I the King ! but he is willfull Blind ;
And by the Hornslic rock him fast asleep,
Before the Wanton and hot-Blooded Queen
Should have the License, but to be suspected
With such a Knight of Gingerbread as this is, no right bominidg
A Guilded Flesh-fly; I wold loock her up,
Yea chain the Evil Angel in a Box, and make her prove off
And House her like a Silk-Worm.

Lamont. Pardon Sir,
The good Old King's ~~possible~~ ^{able} and now ~~old~~ ^{old} suchs N. and

Lam. Like as side to swob ons daiv-horsdissel apied bed yM
What was our *Fredagoldr* but *Gefjordar*, Midd? swob rial smid?
A Prince's, (Old my Skul!) to Heaven viabevether, *Hedra*?
That *Fridegonda* appears a *Bald* of starblessy, I as *Ulf*?
Yet does our Childeric, our old Beating King, *Asld* ause? *Sif*?
Set up a *Dilhelsungr* of *Bladum*, *Vives* dguoris *espris*?

Dum. 'Twere good the King would execute them both.
 Lamor. Execute them! For his best Blood he dares not;
 The no-Chast Queen is great in Faction,
 Followed and Sainted by the Multitude,
 Whose judgments she has linked unto her purse,
 And rather bought a Love then found it:
 She has a working Spirit, an active Brain,
 Apt to conceive, and wary in her wills;
 Besides, her Sons, (the Pillars of State)
 Supports her like an Atlas, where she sits;
 And like the Heavens commands our fates beneath her.
 She is the greater Light, the King a Star,
 Which only glares but through her influence. [A Florish.

Dum. Hark the Thunder of the War; now! out of Tune,
 This Peace corrupting all things makes them speak.
 What means this most Adulterate noise?

Lamor. Receiv't.
 This is a Night of Jubile, and the King
 Solemnly Feasts for his Wars happy succels:
 Besides his Sons and he are knitt again;
 We shall have Masques and Revellings to Night.

Dum. Now the Great Gods confound this pick-thank noise,
 The Drum and Trumpets are turn'd flatteries,
 And Mars himself a Bawd to grace their Ryots. {Enter the En-
 What Vision's this? 'Tis Gold both right & fair; {much with two
 Sure I dream not. {fair Smit, Hats, Feathers,

Lamor. I cannot tell, but he {Rapiers, and all things are
 That takes this from me shall full soon perceive. {Inevitable, rings
 I do not sleep nor slumber: 'Twas the Ennuck. {them a Letter,

Dum. That needs no deciding. {and to such a purse of

Lamor. What Papers that? {Gold; and after a little
 If it be Chorus unto this dumb shew, {pause deports.
 Read it Dumaine.

Dum. Dastard Hand, why shak'st thou? {Takes up the Letter
 The Queen! {& seems to tremble.

Lamor. Blasted Dumaine! Give me the Scrawl;
 We're she a Fury, nay the Queen of Hell,
 Tho' every word did Thunder I would read it. [He Reads.

As ye are Soldiers truly Valiant, we Honour ye; as Men, we pity ye,
 and have sent ye that which will render ye as compleat Cowards, as any
 daunted Soldiers: Dumaine, Lamor, let us Justice we know ye, for now
 Eye is Every where, whilst we remember your Works, we shall judge to
 forget your Parents Injuries: Fear nothing, for your bishirio concealment

we will get your Pardon, and whilst we breath, breath your kind Misfris;
if you dare trust me, and build upon our Fortune, appear at Court to
Night so adorned as shall become your Honour's and our Friends.

Fredegonde.

Dum. How do you relish this? What now Lamor?

Lamor. We'll take the Gracious proffer of the Queen,
She's Princely vow'd our Friend; besides what ill
Can we expect from her, who might have sent
Her Murdering Minister, and Slain us here
Had she intended foul-play; she is Noble.

Dum. But—

Lamor. What but?

Dum. Her Murder'd Brothers memory;

Lamor. When he fell, we were too young for Traytors,
Tho' not for Torments, had we been apprehended:
For in the high displeasure of this Queen
All our Posterity was doom'd: Some felt the Wheel,
Some Racked, some Hanged, others Impaled on stakes,
And had not we been then in W�burgh,
And past the fury of the Tyrants reach,
We'd added to the Number of the Dead.

Dum. And think you still we shall not?

Lamor. By my Life,
It's Murder to suspect her, we're to Court,
Our Lives are all that we can loose, our fame
No Art can Murder, nor time rase our name.

S C E N E. I I.

Enter Fredegonde and the Eunuchs.

Queen. What conference did they maintain with thee?

Eunuch. None farther then the Language of their Eyes;
They look'd on me as if they meant me thanks,
Which their Amazement rob'd me of.

Queen. Know'st thou them?

Eunuch. No, dearest Lady, they appeared to me
Like to the Silent Postures in the Arras,
Only the form of Men with strange Faces.

Queen. Come take them then, they are our Enemies,
Whom I have Angled with that Golden Bait;
Their Parents waded in my Brothers Blood;

For

For which I'll be revenged of all their kin,
Did they increase as fast as I could kill,
I'd ever kill, that they may still increase.
This Picture drawn by an Italian,

Draws the Cur-
tain and shews
a Picture.

(Which still I keep to whet my Anger on)
Does represent the Murther of my Brother,
For Ravishing this Beauteous peice of ill : [Points to the Picture..

A Cruel and a Terrible Mistake,
To Murther Gladymur, for Clair's fact.

For which behold how Fredogond's revenged : [Points ill.

This old Dumasine and Father to this Maid,
With all his Kindred, Sociates, and Allies

(These brace of wicked ones, and this ravish't Whore,
The fair and fatal cause of these events

Only excepted) are here ; here in this Picture.

Here's one bereft of Hands, and this of Tongue;

Finger thy Lute Maria, Sing out Isobel,

Hark Hark, Cafras, the Musick of the Spheres,

O ravishing touch ! Hark how the others voice

Echoes the Lute, Is't not a Divine softness, Ha, ha, ha!

I do expect they now should rail extremely,

I prethee Scould at me good Isobel,

A little of the Woman; no ! Maria,

Within the loathed Circle of mine Eyes

Anchor thy fingers ; Ales ! thy Nails are pared ;

Nor has poor Isobel a Tongue to scould with :

Two horly Greybeards in this angle lies,

Will find their way to Hell without their Eyes. [Stabs the Picture..

Villains that Kill'd my Brother, how does this relish thee,

To Execute Men in Pictures ? Is't not rare ?

Is't not a pastime for the Gods to gaze on ?

Eunuch. Were but Ovidia here, and these two Youngsters,

It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.

Queen. We find the Eunuch fit for our Employments,

Therefore I will unclasp my Soul to thee ;

I've always found thee Trusty, and I Love thee.

Eunuch. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,

And lay my Life at my great Mistress's feet

To spend it when she please.

Queen. We need it not .

As yet, Cafras, but we may hereafter.

See there's the Platform of great Chidricks Death ;

And they which must be thought his Murderers,

Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers :

Whom

Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for Policy, put off aside me
 First, that they take away the Guile from us; an eloquent god will
 Next, being apprehended, Studies Deaths, which now, like you ob't
 The Heads of all our Engineers shall fit To invent unheard of Torments for the Slaves;
 I long to see them here, here in this frame,
 Greeting their Kindred Bones,

Eunuch. Most Excellent!

Queen. Then I'll commend thee to my Elder Son, Where thou shalt wind into his Secret Thoughts; As for the Younger Boy let me alone; And when we have them on the Hip, they shall Follow their Father unto Hells black Hall.

Eunuch. You are the Goddess of invention.

Queen. Will not this be Brave? Ha! how likkest thou it? Now by this Light I'me taken strangely with thee; Kiss me, Kiss me, closer Villain: Fie ! what a *January Lip* thou hast, A pair of Isuckles; sure thou hast bought A pair of East Lips of the Chast Diana; Thy Blood's meer Show-broth: Kiss me again, Now see if you can fid these Gallants forth, And bring them to our presence. { *Exit Eunuch, and Enter Landrey.*

Landrey. Your Visits have been freer, but I grow Old, And you Command the Beauties of the time.

Landrey. What means my Noble Mistress? think you the Blood Runs so degenerate within these Veins, To stoop to an inferious Embrace, When I enjoy the best?

Queen. We are Betray'd, I'll tell thee a good jest, wilt hear it? And with his Switch, for he was then to Hunt, A Gentle stroke he gave me on the back; My fancy busied then to make me fine, Supposing it was you that sported so, Cry'd, my *Landrey*, in Story we still find, The best Knights strike before, and not behind; The King who always understood too fast, Quits suddenly my Chamber, what he intends I cannot guess, unless it be our Deaths, Which if he speedily perform not, then Know he shall never, for this Night concludes him;

My

My Sons I weigh not shul, they Insue Rebell, fighted before me,
 And taken Spirit, & loste my selfe, will goe adward me &
 And contradict my Pleasure in thy Love, on two endes thou art
 For which it is not safe that they should Live; now I say,
 The Kingdoms Heir shall be a Child of thine,
 And Kings and Queens shall following thy Line.

Oh ! are they come, they're welcome, take our word, [Enter Lam.
 A Queen a wondrous goodly bairn, ye welcome, [Enter Dum. very brave,
 Both Young Highnesse as full of Grace as Mercy, [Enter the Eunuch.
 Queen. Rise and follow us, we'll be your Guardian,
 And Protectress.

Landry. Madam, who art these ?

Queen. Sheep for my Shambles whom I have setted up
 Only for Slaughter ; Things are on foot decreed,
 Shall make some Smile to Night, and others Bleed.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

S C E N E VI.

[Enter Clovis alone. Door, Aphelia and a Page with a

Lightning Rod. Clovis takes the Rod and goes off.

Clovis. My best Maidens, what Angels brought you hither ;
 For I know my Lions attend your goodness, on
 Why sweep your Troublous Eyes, send pearl, and
 Bracelets for Gods to wear about their Arms.

Aphelia. I am too fondly sensible Sweete he's Lov'd me, I
 I have believ'd him too fondly found A Powder the
 A God-like Nature'd King, and a French / To wch I wch I
 Hitherto Constant.

Clov. Gentlest Sweete he's Lov'd me, I

Aphelia. If he should be dismembled, no your Heart,
 And having won my Souls affection,
 Should our Judgment stand in Pro Se, O ! Clov !
 Ring off affection, and let me bind her to me and never loose
 What I bynd - take her Workes without make of me.

Clov. That Jelousy I'll strangle, take this Ring
 As I that Diamond dazled by thine Eyes,
 Whose Beauteous Sicks and faint Sighs, by thine
 Be these the mutual Pledge of our Love, Now I give you this M
 Our Marriage before our Marriage, I have alreadie builded a

And

And cursed be they that Separates our Love,
Tho' France be one, or, what is greater, two;
Are your fears over now?

Aphr. I dare no ill; And that will be my selfe
And therefore doubt none.

Clev. Hark! The King is coming. [A Florilegium]

*Enter King, Queen, Clostaire, Landry, Duusine, Lamot, A
Ladie and Attendant; with the Guard, and Eunuch.*

King. Approach our Person nearer, for methinks
Y've honest faces, if your Hearts keep touch neath these brows.
To your outward semblance, y'are a sight not good.
Nothing but Death shall force from me.

Queen. Good, Good! he has thy gift of seeing and doing well.

This Physick works. [Aside.]

Eunuch. Best Madam, is it done?

Queen. I my Black Genius, such a fatal Dram
I have administer'd, will wing his Soul
With expedition to the other Worlds.
His parts Essential, like a wearied Ghost
This Night forsakes his Inn, whence fled and gone,
Who knows where it shall lodge? Mark his looks,
See'st thou not Death thron'd in his hollow Eye?
Great Tyrant over Nature: See, observe.

Eunuch. With looks inquisitive I have beheld him,
But can perceive no alteration.

Queen. Thou art a Fool, and wraig'st the optique nerves
To pry into my Acts; where I lay curtains
Death comes before the priest; The Sulpherous Match
Destroys the Powder which emotion hollow mid
To what I work with; the Immortal aged Leafy
In youth the prime and glory of the wood,
Not to be grasp'd by hand, falls with a puff;
And what we could not take but now, we tread on.
So Chidrik.

King. Oh! Lend me thine Arm'd sword, [Dumb] and
I know not what, but on the sudden, something

Qu. How the Nats play, and buzz about the flame
That must Consume them. [King.]

Eunuch. Observant Coxcomb! I'd belike bragg'd I am,

Clostaire. What Sun's Sulpherous Sun walks upon the Earth,
Making our Night a Nose? methinks he light
Does Cure Blindness, and lends darkness sight. [King.]

Eunuch.

~~Act V. before the end of the scene~~

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lamot, and the Guard.

Lamot. O woe! woe! woe!

Clo. Horror and Death!

Clov. O dismal, fatal Hour!

S Enter Clotaire.

2 Enter Clovis.

*Enter Queen, Dumaine, Landrey, Ladies, and
the rest of the Guard.*

Queen. With Chidrick, end the World.

Dum. Have Patience gentle Queen.

Queen. Stand off,

Preach Patience to the Sea, when the rude Wind
Swells her ambitious Billows above the Clouds ;
And if thou Tutorest them to Peace and Silence,
I'll be as Calm as they.

Clo. The Treason here,
And not the Traytor, quite confounds my Senses.

Queen. Ignorance, dark as Hell ; doubt ye the Traytors ?
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a sting to Kill us,
Who could be author of this deed but they ?
His new Bosom'd Friends have slain him.

Clo. Our Guard,
Lay Hands upon the Traytors.

Dum. O Lamot !
We are betray'd, basely beset with Snares.
Lam. Justice fight thou my cause with thine own Sword, *S* against
Qu. O Villains ! would you let them scape ? two Men *S* the GU.
To pass the strength of our undaunted Guard ; *[& escape.*
This mads my Soul, this grates my very Gall.

King. Make after them, and bring them back again ;
Or by my Fathers Soul ye breath your last.
Still art thou here *Aphelia* ? Ha ! I may
Use my Commanding Power now — Lead on ;
Come Mother, Brother, Friends, pray let us go.
King ne're receiv'd a Crown so full of woe.

[Exeunt Omnes.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Old Briffac and his Page, with a Taper.

Briffac. Is she not come from Court yet?

Page. No my Lord, Sir, I warrant her safe.
I lost her mid't the amazed multitude ;
Where doubtless frightened with the sudden horror,
She has with other beauties of the Court
Retired her self until the Morning-Star.Bris. 'Tis very likely so ! Yet do ye hear,
Call up your Fellows ; I'le not be Bed to Night, { Exi. Page, My thoughts are full of Tempest, dismal thinkings ; } & Enter pre-
Where is my Son ? Why went He not to Court ? { sently with 2
Perhaps some sacrilegious hands have feiz'd on her ; [Serving-men. Courts are no Sanctuaries, she's no Vestal ; } & more or less
May be she's safe, then why returns she not ? { & more or less
Why sends she not glad Messengers of Health ? } No, no, no !
No ! No ! She's lost, and I undone for ever !
Run to the Court, they move not, why so fast ?
Let me deliberate ; that were to give
The Courtiers notice I have lost my Daughter, { & more or less
Whom they will then suspect, and call her fame
Into an ill construction ; } No ! No ! No ! { & more or less
O my poor Daughter, my Aphelia ! } Enter Charles Brif-
Oh Sir you're welcome, where's your Sister, { sac and Clovis Mus-
I must have her Sirrah and I will, } at { fid in his Cloak, }
Where is she, Charles, where is she ? { & more or less has en-
Char. My Honoured Father ! with no smile upon his face. }Bris. Tut, Tut ! Honour is no Honour, { & more or less has en-
Nor Father me no Father, } & more or less has en-
Where is your Sister, Sirrah ? { & more or less has en-}

Charles. My Sister ! wot I know, deneth bogy an' deneth dey an'

Bris. Your Sister ! { & more or less has en-}

Charles. Within Sir, otherwise this Gentleman { & more or less has en-
Has lost his Labour ; he's come to Visit her, } & more or less has en-Bris. Hoyday, Hoyday, Hoyday ! to Visit her ? { & more or less has en-
Plots, Plots, meer fetches ; to Visit her ! }What at the dead of Night, when the whole World { & more or less has en-
Is Sunk in Slumber, and our Master Yester- } & more or less has en-

As quiet as the Grave ; to Visit her !

O most ridiculous ! to Visit her !

Pray Gentleman consider, does your Sister keep

Times so Preposterous for Visits in ?

Makes she a day of Night ; or has she been breed

As loose as *Lau*, to love Night-Courtings ?

Do not distract me thus, to Visit her !

Char. Pray Sir collect your self, this Gentleman

Even at that Horrid point where the King fel —

Bris. Why look you now, there is more Mischief toward ;

What a World is this ?

Char. Saw a Ring drop off my Sisters finger,

Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright

Which renders men forgetfull, made him do ;

But knewing where she lived, (so he protests)

He would not Sleep until it were delivered.

Bris. Pray let me see the Ring ; Yes it was hers,

And she would say, she'd never part with it

But when she meant to Wed, if you have Married her

Or have her promise rivited to yours,

Tell me but where she is, I'll be content,

For I in losing her, have lost my selfe

Clev. O my Propheticque Soul, then 'tis no Idle fear.

Char. How ! The Monieur, what makes he here ?

Clev. There's something whispers me, go not to Bed,

Go not to Bed till thou haue found that out, I certaine know not

Beest thou my Genius, or what Powers else,

Suggesting lawfull things I will obey thee,

Sleep ever-waking Envy and Mistrust,

Ye things that never knew what Slumber meant,

Ghosts keep your Beds, ye Centinels of Night,

Goblins and Specters do not walk your round,

A general Lethargy Seize on this Hour,

Yet I alone the Watchman of this Night,

Will wake in spite of Fate, Argus thine Eyes

To find Aphelia and her Miseries.

Bris. Pritty, in good sadness, wond'rous pritty,

Is he in earnest ?

Char. Sure he dissembles not at all,

I little dreamt when I did let him in,

What Person grac'd our Threshold.

Bris. Ha Sirrah !

What a Girl this is to be out of th' way !

He's in Love that's certain, Let me see, who her friend will be and if

When I was first a Lover as he is,
I'd just such cold fegaries in my Brain,
Such Midnight madness. This puling Baggage
May lose her self for ever, and her Fortunes,
For this Hours absence, go, be gone,
Follow his Royal Person, Comfort him,
Tell him my Daughter will again be found,
And so good Angels grant we meet with her.

{ Exe. one at one door and
the other at the other.

S C E N E II.

Ester Eunuch lighting Aphelia.

Aph. Into what Labyrinth do you lead me Sir?
What perplexed by-ways? I should fear,
Had you not us'd his Name, which is to me
A Strength 'gainst Terror; and himself so good,
Occasion cannot vary, nor the Night,
Youth nor his wild desire; Otherwise
A Silent Sorrow from mine Eyes would steal,
And tell sad Stories for me.

Eunu. Do not fear,
You are too tender of your Honour, Lady,
Too full of aguish trembling; the Noble Prince
Is as December frosty in desire,
Save what is Lawfull; he not owns that cheat,
Which were you Snow, would thew a tear from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed:

Eunu. I'le go call him,
In the mean time, please you to rest your self,
Here is a Little Book will bear you Company. {Gives her a book.
'Till I return, which will be suddenly
Now *Eunuch* trust the Artumie of Wit,
From the dull Mixture of these leaden Brains
Extract the Elixir of pure Villany.
Hither I'le send the King, not that I mean
To give him leave to cool his burning Lust,
For *Clovis* shall prevent him in the Fact;
And thus I shall badeat my self to both:

Clovis

Clovis Enrag'd perhaps will kill the King,
Or by the King will perish ; if both fall,
Or either, both ways makes for me.
The Queen as rootedly does hate her Sons,
As I her Ladiship ; to see this fray
She must be brought by me. It shall be so ;
Her breath will stir in them confused Storms,
In midst of whose wild rage, the Court will seem
A *Glogotha* of Mischief ; for her sake
I'll say I set on foot this hopefull brawl,
Whilst she will Hug, and Kiss me for the same :
Thus on all sides, the *Eunuch* will play foul.

And as his face is black, he'll have his Soul.

Aphe. Poor ravish'd *Philomel*, thy lot was ill
To meet that Violence in a Brother,
Which I in a Stranger doubt : Yet methinks
I am too Confident, for I feel my heart,
Burthen'd with something ominous ; these men,
Are things of Subtle Nature, and their Oaths
Unconstant as themselves — Let me proceed.

Clo. Methinks I stand like *Zanquin* in that Night,
When he defiled the Chaytrey of *Rome*.
Doubtfull of what to do, and like a *Thief*,
I take each noise for an Officer.
Tho' I do know it is a *dead of Death*,
Condemnaed for Torments in the other *World*,
Such tempting sweetness dwells on every Limb,
That I must venture my *Essential parts*,
For the fruition of a momentus Lust ;
Oh Pleasure dearly bought.

Aphe. *Clovis* may prove unkind, alack why not ?
He's but a man. Say he should offer foul
The Evil Councell of a Secret Place,
and Night his Friend, may out-tempt his will ;
I dare not stand the Hazard, Guide me Light
To some Untrodden Place, where poor I may,
Wear out the Night with sighs till it be day.

Clo. I must be bold and resolute, Sweet Maid,

Fair, Virtuous Damsel, Hail.

Aphe. What man art thou,
That dost thy Countenance bury in thy Cloak,
And hidest thy face from Darknes and the Night ?
If thine intents deserve a Master too,
And that thy thoughts dare not allow them less, Hail I said to A

[Exit.]

{ See leaves
reading.

With-

Withdraw, and A& them not, what art thou? speak,

And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clo. Wouldst thou know?

I came to find one Beautifull as thou,

And am a man willing to please a Woman.

Nay, nay, you must not leave me thus. [She prefers to go off.

Aph. Must not.

Clo. No, must not, 'tis I that speaks it Lady.

Aph. I know thee not.

Clo. But I must you, yes and the right way too,
Which is th' acquaintance surest.

Aph. Help, Help, Help!

Clo. Nay, nay, nay, none of your Prick-Songs Lady,
If you rise a Note, or beat the Air with Clamour,
You see your Death. [Draws his Dagger.

Aph. What Violence is this?

Why do you threaten War, fright my soft peace

With most ungentle Steel, what have I done

Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus? *S pulls her*

Mine Arms are Guilty of no crime, do not torment 'em, *2 along-*

My Hands and they have joyn'd in Prayer together

For mankind that is Holy; if in that Act

They have not Pray'd for you, mend and be good,

The fault is none of theirs.

Clo. You guess my Mind:

What Earthquake shakes you thu? [She trembles as amazed.

Come do not seem more Holy then you are,

I know your Heart.

Aph. Let your Dagger too, Noble Sir strike home,

And Sacrifice a Soul to Chastity,

As white and spotless as her Innocence.

Clo. This is not the way.—Know you me Beauty? *S pulls her*

Aph. The King! *2 aside.*

Clo. The same, Rise up and put off fear.

Aph. I dare not fear, it's Treason to suspect

My King can think an ill, worse to Act it:

I know you're God-like good, and have but try'd

How far weak Woman durst be Virtuous.

Clo. Pritty Simplicity, thou art deceiv'd:

Thy Wit as well as Beauty wounds me, and thy Tongue

In pleading for thee, pleads against thy self:

It is thy Virtue moves me, and thy Good,

Tempts me to Acts of Evil: were thou bad,

Or loose in thy desires, I cou'd stand

And

And only Gaze, not Surset on thy Beauty ;
 But as thou art, let me not see thy face,
 I'me desperate grown in th' and must enjoy
 thee, or not thee thy Life.

Aphe. I offer it.

You are my King and may Command my Life,
 My will to Sin you cannot, you may force
 Unsancted deeds upon me, Spot my fame,
 And make my Body suffer, not my mind.
 When you have done this irreligious deed,
 What Trophy, or what Triumph will it bring,
 More then a living Scorn upon your Name ?
 Do not believe this deed can lye conceal'd,
 For Kings appear when they are Thron'd in Sin,
 Like to prodigious Creatures in the Air,
 At which all Tongues are mute, all Eyes do stare.
 Is't not a Single Ill which you commit :
 What in the Subject is a petty fault
 Monsters your Actions, and's a foul offence :
 You give your Subjects License to offend,
 When you do teach them how. [Enter Clovis and Charles.

Clo. Good, Ill apply'd :

[Aside.

I will endure no longer, come along,
 Or by the curious Spinstry of thy Head,
 Which Nature's cunning'st finger twisted out,
 I'll drag thee to my Coach : Tempt not my fury.

Clov. Can I endure this ; O my Salt Blood
 Leap from my Bosom, up into the Air.
 Unhand me *Charles*, and render me my self,
 Lest I forget my self on thee.

Char. Great Prince,
 Remember tis your Brother and the King.

Clov. Oh that I could forget it, and shake off
 Duty at once, and Consanguinity,
 That like a Whirlwind I might rush upon him,
 And bear him to Destruction—Monster of men,
 Thou King of Darkness, down unto thy Hell,
 I have a Spell will lay thee, Honesty,
 And this abused Goodness : Is't not enough
 That thou hast wronged *Cressida*, ravish't a Maid
 A Virgin of that Purity of Life,
 Might Saint Her here on Earth ; but wilt thou add
 Unto thy First a Second Violence ?
 The Gods must not forgive !

Clo.

Clos. I despise thee !
If thou wouldest gain our Love, be a Brother,
And aid me in my longings.

Clov. Be a man ;
And shake a Nature off, that needs must damn thee :
O set a Period to Sins Progress here,
Proceed not in these Courses, lest you grow
As Great in Sin as Scepter.

Clos. Traytor, Boy !
Thy fate moves in those words.

Clov. Is't even so ;
Then Guard thy self our King, for I am quick
As Lightning, or the thought that Executes.

Char. Hold hold, my Lord, forbear ; Call in more aid,
Ring out the Alarum-Bell, Call up the Court,
Bestir thee Eunuch, whilst I interpose
My Body to the fury of the Storm. [Exit Eun. *Alarum-Bell.*

Qu. What means this sudden out-cry ? Oh my Sons ! Ent. Qu.
Hold, Hold ! Part them good Gentlemen. { & Ladys

Clos. Mother you are a trouble, stand from mine Arm, { Guard,
Let me cut off Rebellion in the Spring,
Lest it beget a harvest that will prove
Fruitfull in Treason, Brav'd by a Subject's hand. Landrey

Qu. Though Nature by Precedency of Birth,
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not
His Murtherer ; wherein is our *Closaire* Greater than *Clovius*? Know, the self-same Blood
That Spirits thee, makes him as Valiant,
The difference lies in *Anno Domini*.

Eun. Accurate Mischief, Fluent Villany. [Aside.

Qu. I grant thou art his Elder ; by which Law
Thou art born his Subject, not his Equal, *Clovius* ;
For Closaire is thy King, and Subjects hands,
Without the deep and dangerous Traytors Name,
May not advance against their Sovereigns Head.

Clos. Neither shall his without correction :
Upon him Slaves.

Qu. Hold, I Command ye hold.
O Closaire, thou art of a Valiant Soul,
And wil thou basely thus beset thy Brother ?
Fear Argues spirits most degenerate,
And that thou fearest th'advantage argues it ;
Oh set not on thy Slaves ; if he must dye,
Let thy hand Sacrifice, not Butcher him.

Clo. That Argument sounds harsh; shall *Clovis* fear ?

Eus. Exquisite Philister, Poyson to the height.

Clo. Sacrifice me, it is not in his Power.

Qu. We hope so *Clovis*; yet thy Brother King,

Is as an Earthly-God, his Will, his Law,

His Power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,

For Kings have will as uncontroll'd as fate,

And Majesty can look a Subject dead.

Clo. How look me Dead? I do not fear his frowns.

Qu. I Grant thee as great, a *Basalisks* as he;

As he is meerly man: but as thy King,

Divinity does prop him; he stands sure

That builds on that Foundation: Yet I know

Thy Sword's as Sharp as his, and where it lights

Imprints as much of fate, thine Arm as strong,

Thy Spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt

To any Action that may right a man.

Clo. He is your Darling, you do well to praise him;

When I have slain him, Write his Epitaph.

Clo. My Epitaph, this Pen of Steel shall first,

Write on thy Heart, thine end.

Eus. It Operates.

The Venom'd Potion of a Womans Tongue

Is more sublim'd than Mercury.

Clo. Our Guard

That let's a Traytor pull me bythe beard:

Cut him to peices Rascalls.

Qu. O my Son!

Villain, thy Hands have made these holes, for which

The winged Vengeance of a Mothers Curse

Subtler in Operation then Lightning,

Strike thro' thy Body every Limb a Death.

Eus. How cunningly she spits her Poyson forth,

I know her Soul is Light, she's glad he's Dead,

And joys in the opportunity to Curse the killer;

For which she gains the name of Pious Mother:

Here's pritty Woman Villain, dissimulation.

Aph. If they have slain him, wherfore do I Live?

O my swoln'n Heart.

Clo. Bear hence these Corps, withall

Remove that Syren from our wandring Eyer,

And Cage her in a Dungeon, hence begone,

Bear her to Prison, reason not the Cause

▲ Kings Prerogative's above his Laws.

*They fall upon him
with their Halberts,
and he's Slain.*

*Landrey and 2 or 3
Lords more seem to
Sollicite for Aph.
[Exit.*

Aph.

Aph. Be mercifull, and lead to Death, away;
Since he is gone, it is to Dye, to stay.

*S Exenus Omnes, manent
Queen, Landrey, Eun.*

Qu. Now we begin to flourish, this black Night
Is only lighted by our stars, that smile
Upon these actions, and rejoice to see
Thee our sole Favourite so near a Crown :
But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the Mother ?
Did not I present a *Niobe*, in passion,
Did'st thou not fear an Inundation,
A deluge of Salt Rhume ?

Land. You had no costive Eye, that I dare say,
For certainly you wept.

Qu. Yes ; as a good Actor in a Play would do,
Whose fancy works as if he waking dreamt
So strongly on the object that it Copes with, *reprobation*
Shaping realities from Mockeries ; *reprobation*
And so the Queen did weep : By this good Light
I think I could become the Stage as well
As any she that sells her Breath in publick : *reprobation*
Come shall we Act *Landrey* ?

Land. Act great Lady, *reprobation*
What Play shall we Enact ?

Qu. Dull *Landrey*, *reprobation*
Nothing that's new, Old Plays you know are best : *reprobation*
Eunuch is our Bed ready.

Eu. Great Queen it is.

Qu. Come then my Joy to Bed, where we will sport, *reprobation*
And laugh at Death which Triumphs in the Country *reprobation*

Eu. Go sleep your last ; I'll straight unto the King, *reprobation*
And he shall take them in the very Act ; *reprobation*
And then to Cover my Discovery, *reprobation*
I'll set on fire the Queens Bed-Chamber, *reprobation*
That so I may disturb them more secure, *reprobation*
And yet the Plot not mine. *We tell the King* is *reprobation*
Unless he present Help, his Mother burns. *reprobation*
About it then, this is a happy Night ; *it may offend*
The more it works their Woe, more's my delight.

Exe. A
A
A

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the King and Eunuch.

Enn. Look how it flames ! I fear some Treachery ;
 Beat at her Chamber-door, cry it aloud,
 And let your Voice be Thunder to this Lightning.
 Cry Fire, Fire, Fire ! The Court is all a Hot-house.
 Fire, Fire, Fire !

Clo. Great Queen, Royal Mother, open your door,
 Lest you do sleep for ever, Mother awake.
 The God of sleep lies heavy on her Eyes.
 Force open the door, Fire, Fire, Fire !

Enn. It's fortified 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

Clo. Mother, Queen, Mother, awake, awake !
 Your sleep was never like death then now :
 Lady, Great Princes, Fire, Fire, Fire !

Enter Queen above in Night attire and Landrey.

Qu. What Sawcy Groom
 Beats our offenceless doors thus daringly,
 He'd better rous'd a sleeping Lioness,
 Then thus to have broke our flumbers.

Clo. Look, if I were to tell you who sent me
 The Fire will give ye a light, 'tis I your Son ;
 Fly from that Chamber, else you are but dead,
 Your Court is all a bonfire.

Qu. Let it burn.
 I've lost my Credit everlastingly,
 I will not move a foot.

Clo. You must be forced then.

Land. Where are your wits now in necessity,
 We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever ;
 Bethink, Bethink your self.

Qu. I have't, it shall be so ; there put on that,
 Appearing in his Brothers Warlike Shape.
 Thou wilt amaze, and so pass by him safely.
 Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee ;

[aside.

[aloud.

Seek

{ Knocks at
the Door.

[again.

[again.

[Exit Eunuch.

[aside.

[aloud.

[aside.

[aloud.

[aside.

[aloud.

[aside.

[aloud.

Seek out the Beds of those that caus'd thy death,
And howl to them thy pittifull Complaint.

Clo. Whom do you hold discourse with, with the Air ?
Bethink your self, this is no time to dally.

Qu. Oh, my Son, such horrid apparitions, full of dread
have I beheld, have quite unwittert me :
Your Brothers Ghoul, fearfully terrible,
Has thrice this dismal night appear'd to me :
His Wounds did bleed, just as our Clotaire caus'd them,
To those he points, and calls *Apelia*
To bear him company i' th' other World,
Or else he'lle nightly haunt us in our sleeps ;
Thrice did he cry Revenge, and with that word
Sprang thro' the roof, which now stands bare to Heaven,
Where he did rain down fire which here we see.

Clo. Behold it comes.

Qu. Oh fear it not my Son.

{ Enter Landrey
in Armour.

Clo. What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night
In mettle like the air ? Why are thou sent
To cast a horror on me ? If thy Soul
Walks unrevenged, and the grim Ferry-man
Deny thy passage, we'lle perform thy rights ;
Oh do not wound me with such piteous signs
Lest I dissolve to air, and like thy self
Affright fool-Mortals : If thou desir'est
Apelia's death, t'appease thy troubled Soul,
Make some consenting sign and so depart,
Thy sight afflicts my Soul.

Qu. How fares our Son ?

{ Enter Queen.

Clo. Oh I am full of faintings ; nothing but *Apelia's* ?

Qu. She must dye, you see it's requisite.

Clo. Would he had askt my life first. [Enter Eunuch.

Qu. Why should you be so fond upon a Woman,

Clo. Woman's the least part in her, she's all goddes.

Qu. 'Twas your offer ;

Remember there's no jesting with the gods.

Eu. What might this mean ? ha ? where are my brains ?

Clo. I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother :

Bear her from me this Jewel, I esteem [gives her a Jewel.
Equal with life, it was my Brothers Picture ;
And with it, this, that she prepare to dye
Tell her, and if you can be moved to sorrow
Express it in your tears, it is not I

Pronounce this fatal Sentence 'gainst her life,

But

But the hid will, and Providence of Heaven;
 Against the which to be offended, were
 As impious as not obey. *Castrato stay,*
 And with thy Council cure thy dying Prince,
 Thou art my bosome, Eunuch, and to thee
 I dare unclasp my Soul : What's to be done,
 This is a damned Spirit I have seen
 And comes to work my Ruine.

Extremum Eunuch
manus Eunuch
who prefers to
go out.

Eu. What Spirit?

Cler. My Brothers Spirit in Arms, here it came forth,
 Here, from my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

Eu. Was it in Armour said you ? what in Armour ?

Cler. Yes in the Armour he was w'd to wear
 When we have run at Tilt, 'till our clest Spears
 Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

Eu. That Armour as I well remember, I did leave
 In the Queens Bed-Chamber, as yesterday
 After the Triumphs and the Tarnements,
 Having unbrac't the Prince : 'tis even so.
 Why this is a ridiculous Passion.

Cler. My state requires thy tears, and not thy mirth.

Eu. The Devil came from your Mothers Chamber Sir,
 She has a Circle which can raise a Spirit,
 A Mars in Armour too ; she is a Venus,
 And through your License Landrey is no Eunuch.

Cler. What killing sense thou art !
 There's something in it I would understand
 And yet I dare not. *Landrey* ! how know' st thou this ?

Eu. Since I have gone so far I'll tell you.
 I look'd in at the Key-hole, and I saw
 Him in your Mothers Arms, as sportingly
 As e're I saw your Father.

Cler. Thou hast shot Poyson thro' me :
 False with *Landrey* her sometime Page !

Eu. Even with the same.

Cler. It's not impossible. My Mother always had a scanted fame,
 His thoughts to have been mine : I am distracted.
 Was he the fearful Vision that I saw ?

Eu. Upon my life he was.

Cler. But wherefore would they have Aphelia dye ?

Eu. There lies the Mystery. They fear you will accept her as your Queen,
 And frustrate their intents, who but expect

Your

Your hop'd for death, that they might so become
 (What now you'd cross) Lawfully Man and Wife
 And Govern in your Seat.

Clo. This carries shew of truth, or is't a lye
 Well shaddow'd by a Slave ? I cannot tell ;
 My Mother certainly is not so bad,
 It is a sin to think it : Hence, avoid my sight,
 Thou sower of debate, thy Seeds are strow'd
 On sterill ground, and therefore ill bestow'd.

En. Is't even so ? work and about my brain
 I'me lost for ever if not close again.

[Exit.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dumaine, Martel, Burbon, Lanoue.

Lanoue. Are all your Troops well furnish'd 'gainst resistance ?
 Are you men bold and daring ? resolute
 To run your hazzard ? indifferent rich, not poor
 That only fight for Bread ? such oft betray
 The sinews of a well-knit Plot for gain,
 When these as well fight to defend as win.

Dum. Noble *Lanoue* ;
 Mine know, nor fear, nor death ; Souls of that fire
 They'll catch the Bullet flying, scale a Wall
 Battled with Enemy, stand Breaches, laugh
 The Thunder of the Canon, call it Musick
 Fitter a Ladies Chamber then the Field ;
 When o're their heads the Element is scaled,
 Darken'd with Darts, they'll fight under the shade,
 And ask no other roof to hide their heads in ;
 They fear not *Jove*, and had the Gyants been
 But half so spirited they had dethron'd him.

Lan. They're Soldiers fit to sack a Kingdom then,
 And share the spoils between them.

Bur. Were it come to that sport once —

Mart. *Burbone* it must, or some of us must fall.

Lan. Where shall we first attempt ?

Dum. The Pallace.

Burb. I say no, it's dangerous.

Dum. It is the safest course.

Martel.

Mart. Believe it not, for it is full of hazard.

Dum. So is the general enterprize in hand.

Mars. But this of certain ruine,

Lan. Give us a reason why you would invade
The Pallace first, and we are satisfied.

Dum. Now you speak like your self :

Then understand, *Lamot* lives still at Court

Disguis'd like a poor Chyrurgeon,

To whom the Prince being delivered

to be Embalm'd and Bowel'd, finding life

Yet in his Corps, which way he's very Skillfull ;

Has balsom'd all his wounds and cur'd him.

Lan. And what of this ? This makes against us quite.

Dum. I did but even now receive this letter,

Which constancy affirms it from himself.

He says it is not known in Court, the Prince to live [gives Lan.]

For divers reasons best known to themselves,

And herein doth require of secrecy ;

Therefore dear friend divulge it not.

Lan. He says the Princes supposed funeral

This day is solemnized with greatest pomp,

And that *Aphelia* dyes a sacrifice,

That hour he is buried, on his Herse :

What if we made attempt to save the Virgin ?

Dum. That must not be, better the fall alone

Then all of us together; and now best Friends,

Let's behave us bravely ; it's no base act

We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom

From slavery and bondage, Men of worth stand bare

To Pages, and gilt butterflies, besides the Queen

Will grave us all, rather then want sport

In spilling Humane bloud, come let's withdraw,

And lay the Platform of this mighty work :

My Soul sits smiling in me I Divine,

Though now it lowre we shall see Sun will shine.

[Drum.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Clovis, and Lamot disguis'd like a Chyrurgeon. Recorders.

Clov. Stephen, for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made
Thy Prince thy Subject, by this timely cure,

This

This is the hour I must be buried living,
And with me the Fair Aphelia, Strophen
Is it so?

Lamot. Nay, this the very Minute,
Hark, I hear them coming—

[A dead March within.

Clov. Lend me thy Cloak
Here we'll observe the Mourners.

Recorders. Enter King, Fredegond, and attendance, and Eunuch at one door in Mourning as after the Corps of Clovis; at the other Aphelia led by two boys, a Headsman before as to Sacrifice, all in White, the Herse is set down between both the Companies, Aphelia weeping at one End, and the King at the other, who after a little pause speaks as followeth; after these Old Briffac weeping.

Clo. Thou Royal load of Honour, burthen of grace,
Fitting an *Atlas* Shoulder, which he groans
More then the Spheres and Sweats thy weight not theirs;
Let me bedew thy Herse with pious tears,
(Balm to thy wounds) repenting ones;
Behold this spotless sacrifice, a virgin,
As pure in thought as vesture, an oblation
To ransom *Jove* and Heaven had they been taken,
And so we yeild her up. [gives her to the Headsman.

Brif. Oh my good Lord,
This is conspiracy 'gainst an old man's life,
Have you no other way to murther me
But to begin with Her? Why must she dye?
Because she's fair? or that—

Clo. Briffac, peace: { the King takes the Sword
Clov. What Pagent's this? { from the Headsman.

Lam. Contain your self, You may prevent the danger when you please.

Clo. Behold the Conquest of thine eyes Aphelia,
France at thy foot, tread on his Royalty,

Or if thy Nature knows not to forgive,
Which to believe were impious, take this Sword { the King kneels
Send me a willing, willing sacrifice, { and lays the
T'appease the troubled spirit of this love. { Sword at Aphelia's feet.

Qu. O Eunuch that she d take him at his word. [aside.

Clo. I find a speaking pity in thine eyes,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue
And cry, In peace long live my Sovereign.

Aphe. Long live Cloaire, long live my Sovereign.

Clo. The Motions of the Spheres move in that tongue :
 Turn all your Sables into Sutes of Joy,
 Your dirges into sprightfull wedding aise ;
 Why looks our Court so sad, is this a time
 To anchor your aspects unto the earth ?

By my blest self he's a traytor to the height
 That does not streight Salute her as his Queen.

Om. Long live *Apelia*, Queen of France, and us. { their Adourn-

La. Do you hear this? what are you Planet-struck? { ing Cloaks.

Clov. Prince, Monsieur. { the Cardinal
Clo. Cardinal — { contractis them.

Lam. Now, now, prevent them yet, are you a stone ?
 Have you a working Pulse ? O Status-Prince

Thou art undone for ever.

Clov. Where am I ?
 Awake ! for ever rather let me sleep :
 Is this a Funeral ? oh that I were a Herse, [discloses himself.
 And not the mock of what is Pageanted.

Clo. Amazement quite confounds us, *Clov* is alive !

Clov. Oh that in nature I could find an art
 Could teach me to forget, I ever lov'd
 This, her great master-piece. Oh well-built frame :
 Why do'st thou harbour such unallow'd guests
 To house within thy bosom, Perjury ?
 If that our Vows are registered in heaven.
 Why are they broke on earth ? *Apelia*
 This was a hasty match, the subtle air
 Has not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st
 Thy self into my soul ; and on thy cheeks
 The print and path-way of those tears remain.
 That wo'd me to believe so : Fly me not,
 I am no Spirit, touch my active pulse
 And thou shalt find it make such harmony
 As youth and health enjoy.

Eu. The Queen, she faints.

Clov. Is there a god left so propitious
 To rid me of these fears ? still let her sleep ;
 For if the wake (O King) she will appear
 Too Monstrous a specter for frail Eyes.
 To see, and keep her Senses.

Lam. Are you Mad ?

Clov. Nothing so happy, *Sraphon*, I would I were.
 In times Swift-progres, I despair the hour
 That brings such comfort with it ; I should then

Forget

Forget that ever she was pleasing to me,
I should no more remember she would fit
And sing me into Dreams of Paradice,
Never more hang about her Ivory Neck
Believing such a one *Diana* was ;
Never more doat she breaths *Arabie*,
Or Kiss her Corral Lip into a paleness.

Clov. Clovis what's past we are content to think
It was spoken by our Brother, and not our Subject.

Clov. I had forgot my self ; yet well remember
Yon *Gorgon* has Transform'd me into Stone,
And since that time my Language has been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too earthly ;
I was not born so ; Trust me. *Aphelias*
Before I was possest with these black thoughts
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the rising pillows of thy Breast
Whose natural sweetnes would invite mine eyes
To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake and kiss
The Rose-beds that afforded me such bliss.
But thou art now a General Disease
That eatest into my Marrow, turn'st my blood
And makest my Veins run Poyson, that each sense
Groans at the alteration. Am I the *Monsieur* ?
Does *Clovius* talk his sorrows and not Act ?
Oh man be-womanized ; wert thou not mine
How comes it thou art his ?

Clov. You have done ill,
And must be caught so ; you Capitalate
Not with your equal, *Clovius* she's thy Queen.

Clov. Upon my Knees I do acknowledge her,
Queen of my thoughts, and my affections,
O pardon me if my ill-tutored-tongue
Has forfeited my Head ; if not, behold
Before the Sacred Altar of your Feet
I lie a willing Sacrifice.

Aph. Arise :
And henceforth *Clovius* thus instruct thy Soul ;
There lies a depth in Fate, which earthly eyes
May faintly look into but cannot fathom :
Thou had'st my Vow 'till death to be thy Wife,
You being dead my Bonds were cancelled,
And I as thus you see bestowed.

Clov. Farewell.

A long-farewell to Love ; thus I do break
 Your Pledge of broken faiths ; and with the Kiss, [breaks a Ring.]
 The last that ever *Clovis* misappropriates me now or beseal'd. I
 Un-kiss that Kiss which seal'd ic on thy Lips. A caution well for A
 Ye Powers ye are unjust, for her wild-breath good & sweet & mild
 (That has the Sacred tye of Contract broken) a dying swain
 Is still the same *Arabia* that it was. [dying swain]
 Nay I have done ; beware of jealousy, [jealousy] O
 I would not have your nourish jealous thoughts, [nourish]
 Tho' she has broke her faith to me, to you, and to all the world
 Against her Reputation, she'll be true ; [true]
 Farewell, my first Love Lost, I'll choose to have
 No Wife till death shall wed me to my Grave, [grave]
 Come *Strephon*, come, and teach me how to dye, [how to dye]
 That gav't me Life so unadvisedly. [unadvisedly]

Clo. 'Twas mine I sent it to *Aphelia* ; [the King here beholds]
 Mother I've found your Mision ; but no more, *Sir Landreys Harthe*
 The time's not ripe : something I must do. [something] *Jewel* to be sent by his
Qu. Call back the Monsieur, let him not go. [Mother to Aphelia.]
 Depart so full of grief, *Aphelia* has now credit at your side. [side]

Clo. Mother contens your self, *yon beholle* sends abroad o'or self. [yon beholle]
 Let *Clovis* that way go, this way will we, [this way] *yon beholle* to self. [self]
 He's great with grief, we with felicity. [felicity]

Qu. Mischief growes lean *Castrato* ; all our Plots [mischief Qu. &
 Turn head upon themselves ; my brain's grown weak. [weak] *Eunuch.*
 And in this Globe the Policy *Landreys* worse than *Alceste* ! [worse]
 To kill a Worm unfear, a man undone ; beginning now ad nem iO
 And all my Plots discover'd. [discover'd]

Eunuch. This is Strange. [strange]
 Some commick devil crosseth our designs, [crosseth] *Landreys* ad *Alceste*.
 How else should he revive? or you, prepar'd? up, pray don't. [pray]
 Nay, in the arms of *Landreys*, when desir'd [when desir'd] *Alceste* had
 Had made you all a *Venus*, meet events bus, subjects *Alceste* [bus, subjects]
 So barren in their expectations. [expectations]

Qu. There lies the grief *Castrato* ; had the Court
 (So I had quencht these burning flames) [had quencht] *Landreys* ad *Alceste*.
 Been buried in her cinders I had not car'd. [car'd]

Ev. But yet *Landreys* escape does qualify
 The non-performance. [non-performance]

Qu. That sits smiling here : [smiling]
 It set my brains upon the tentors, *Eunuch*, [tentors]
 Was't not a rare device? [device]

Eu. And was not I
 As fortunate to leave that Armour there? [leaves]

But now what's to be done?

Qu. My dull *Esop*? Lest so remov'd his master, perchance
I will instruct thy blackness, learn to know
My reputation's sickned, and my fame
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court,
Therefore it's thus decreed: I will remove
And sequester my self from Company.

Eu. Good.

Qu. Thou know'st where *Childrick* kept his Concubine
To none discover'd but thy self and me,
For which they are no more.

Eu. Right.

Qu. There will I
And my *Lendrey* securely spend our time ;
Revell, embrace, and what not my Eunuch ?
The Cave that leads unto the Postern-Gate
Which *Childrick* made will give him entrance
No eye acquainted ; being thus retired
What Lust inflam'd must be by Lust un-fired.

Eu. Excellent Mistress I applaud your brain.

Qu. I will away to night, I cannot brook
These loathed Nuptials, they have undone
My hopes on earth for ever ; therefore away,
Acquaint *Lendrey* with these designs.

Eu. What else ?

Qu. If by the engine of thy stronger brain
Thou could'st remove —

Eu. Aphelia, or the King,
Monsieur or all, is it not so my Queen ?

Qu. Thou hast a brain which doth ingender thoughts
As regal as our own ; which does beget
A race of rare events ; what pity 'tis
Thy body should be sterill, sith thy mind
Is of so pregnant and a fruitfull kind :
Farewell, remember me.

Eu. Remember you, you shall be thought on, scarit not.
And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy Plots
Find fruitless goodness, only in the King
His Worship walk'd into the other World
Like a tame Sucking-Child that dy'd of the Pip.
The trouble is behind, my hate extends
To the whole Family, I must root them up ;
And Beldam first with you : But how ? but how ?
In her proud desires, I prevent

Her.

Her Lust this Second time, before the Third
 She may repent and save her loathed Soul,
 Which my Revenge would Damn ; yet were the troth
 Her Lust, being now at full flood within her,
 And no way left to quench her burning flames,
 Her dryer Bones would make a Bonefire
 Fit for the Devil to warm his hands by.
 Ha ! Shall it be thus ? No it must not be ;
 Nor must the high and mighty Queen *Aphelia*
 This Night Enjoy her Bridegroom, I must set
 Some Mischief instantly on foot to crost it,
 If I miscarry in't, Story shall tell
 I did attempt it bravely tho' I fell.

Clov. Diswade me not *Castrato* ! I have fought thee *S. & met*
 Through every angle of this spacious Court, *With the*
 I've bus'ness to impart. *M. & La.*

Ex. And so have I.

Clov. Mine are of Honourable consequence
 And do require thine aid.

Ex. So does mine yours.

Clov. *Aphelia* is —

Ex. Your Brother's Wife, and you
 Would fain injoy her too ? Why sir you may,
 But time must work her.

Clov. Eunuch thou art wide,
 Those vanities of Love are quite Extinct,
 Revenge does swell the Mousieur, and his thoughts
 Which burns within him must be quencht with blood,
 Seest thou this Letter, 'tis a script I feign'd, [*shows him a Letter.*]
 For I can Counterfeit *Aphelia*'s hand,
 The King has banisht *Landrey* from the Court
 Because he wore the Jewel which he sent
 To his *Aphelia*, light suspicions
 But this shall aggrevate : find thou the King,
 Shew him this note, it doth express great Love
 To *Landrey* from *Aphelia*, and withall
 It mentioneth the Jewel as a gift
 To gratify her servant, this to the rest
 Of poysone he has suckt already in
 Shall so inflame him, that the Court shall burn
 Too Hot for his *Aphelia*.

Ex. Think it done !
 But now your aid, since that your mind is bent
 On Honourble deeds, here's one will try you.

Clov.

Clo. What is it Eunuch?
If that it bare an honourable Name;
Tho' death stood gaping wide to swallow me,
I will not shrink nor fear.

Eu. Noble: Hear't then.
Your mother's loose, and this night renders up
Her body unto lust if not prevented,
I can direct you how, and where, with whom,
If you'll be tame, be tame, dishonour blots
Your Princely Parentage.

Clo. My soul finds the Man
Is't not *Landrey*?

Eu. The same.

Clo. I'll tear him all to pieces,
Whore my mother? Eunuch lead the way,
In what thou shalt prescribe, we will obey.

[*Exsunt Omnes*]

ACT IV SCENE I.

A Bed. Enter Clotaire Solus.

Clo. **W**Hat vulture gripes me here: ha, what art thou?
If thou be'st jealous, mount and be gone;
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts,
Despair their own performance; in a King
Thou shew'st a Nature retrograde to Honour.
Suppose she gave the jewel, must it follow
She therefore is disloyal, poor consequence.
A bubble for a boy to play withal.
I am resolv'd; Heark I hear her coming:
O *Juno* what a gate and look is there!

Soft Musick. Enter Aphelia, Isabel, Julia, with Tapers
as having Aphelia to Bed.

Aph. Mock me not Ladies with this Ceremony,
For I am fitter to attend on you,
I am become a Servant and a Slave
To every moody Passion of my Lord:
Pray leave me, all that's behind,
I can perform my self.

Isabel

Ifs. Great Queen of France.

Aph. That name of Queen sounds strangely in mine ears,
It's like a Langnage that I once could speak,
But now have quite forgot, call not me Queen ;
All Gilded Royalties Pie quite renounce,
And all my study shall be how to dye :
Empress of woe, and Queen of Misery.

Jul. You must not weigh these things so deep,
Your Lord is of an honourable spirit,
And you will see how calm he will return,
Blessing your bridal bed with fruitfull Issue.

Aph. No, No,

The Saffron-colour'd *Hymen* frowns upon me :
These Tapers too were lighted at a Pike,
As Fit attendants on the Grave, not Bed.
Juno denies her presence at this match
And all the ill presaging Birds of Night
Sing fatal Requieus for a bridal song
Oh Ladies, is not this ominous ?

Clo. Yes my *Aphelia* is if that rugged fate
Lye in a kiss then it is ominous,
Her kisses melt upon my lip : if sin
Have so much heaven in it, I'll be a sinner.

Aph. I hope your fears are satisfy'd now,
You bare a brow so pleasant.

Clo. What pritty foolery is this *Aphelia* ?
I am not jealous, for by all that's good,
I cannot think thee evil ; go be gone [Ex. manet *Clo.*]
Unharness your Lady for these warrs,
We're of the Camills and fight naked.
Ye powers that favour Lovers, infuse apt Strength,
Though every Nerve and Sinew of this frame
Make me all pleasure; and unto the Bride,
Add every vein a *Venus* ; guide me light,
Where in one Bed lyes all the Worlds delight.
What knockings this? *Castrato*, what's the news ? { Knocking with-
Deliver Briefly, for I am in haist. in, Enter *Eun.*

Eun. Not yet in Bed ? oh happy, happy minute :
Untill this hour I ne're was fortuate,
I have preserved my King, my Prince, my Patron,
From the loose ardor of a Strumpets Bed.

Clo. What's this ?

Eun. I deal not now on doubts ; your wife is loose
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loth

To nominate her Whore tho' it be true.

Clos. True! —

[amazedly.

Eus. Leave this lethargiz'd passion, which benumbs
Your nobler nature ; turn your eyes on these ; { gives him the
Whose Character is this ? } Letter.

Clos. Ha ! let me see :

This is *Aphelia's* hand, the very same
Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse
In his Loves amorous pursuit.

Eus. Read the Contents.

Clos. A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks
For his so often visits ; which she repays
With the rich Jewel sent her by the King,
Wishing a perpetuity of embracements ;
Ten thousand Ravens croak in this black paper,
How came you by it ?

Eus. I saw it drop from *Landrey*, but ne're thought
'Fore I perus'd it, what it did contain ;
Which finding, in my duty I was bound
To save my Prince from ruine.

Clos. Follow me

Black vengeance steel my heart with cruelty.
I'll take her sleeping thus ; it cannot be,
Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read
What we call virtue there and modesty ;
Here is a look would persuade cruelty
To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*
To knot her Steely Scourge with plumie down,
And *Jove* himself to call her vice a virtue.

Eus. A book of Devils may have the cover gilt,
Treason lies cabbin'd in the smoothest brow,
The Devil can assume an Angels form,
Your Wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

Clos. Peace Villain, thou that infects all peace.

Eus. Why are you thus distemper'd ? let not truth
Make you so wild a Tempest ; were it false,
Or that I shought the ruine of your house
Your youth and honour, then it were a time
To swell beyond all charming down :
But being truth !

Clos. Hence dog, avoid my sight,
Fly where the under-world, ill vers'd in kindred,
Promiscuously combine without distinction,
Where every man is every womans husband,

[Exit.

{ a Bed thrust forth
with Aphelia in it,
Enter Clos. again
and the Eunuch.

Or where it's thought a courtesy to have,
 A fellow-sharer in the marriage-bed :
 These were a People that might bare with thee
 And fit for thee to dwell with ; hence, away,
 And if thou lov'st thy life acquaint thy feet
 With such by-paths that we may never meet.

[Exit.]

Eu. This Prince is of a nature milde and gentle,
 His mother's milk's too fluent in his eyes,
 And much I fear his resolution ;
 Yet I will work him forward ; she awakes ;
 I'lle after him and bring him back, if then
 She scape his rage, Hell has no power with men.

[Exit.]

Aph. Oh, oh, oh, help, help, my Lord, my Lord, my Father,
 Oh my Lord.
 Bless me Divinity, 'twas but a Dream ;
 Ha ! the light gone, who waits there, *Isabel*,
Julia, Isabel.

[Enter Isabel.]

Isab. That was my Ladies voice ; calls she for help ?
 I cannot blame her, were I in her place
 I should do so my self ; the Prince looks like a bungler.

*Aph. Isab.**Isab.* Did you call Madam ?*Aph.* Saw'ſt thou nothing *Isabel* ? where is my Lord ?

Isab. Is he absent ? I cannot blame her then to call for help ;
 I should do't my self, so near a good turn, and delay'd,
 O it would mad me ; a Prince, a Puppet would have
 Been more manly ; How do you Madam ?

Aph. All stands not well :*Isab.* I believe that faithfully.

Aph. O Girl, I've past the dismal part of night
 That ever made soft fancy fool.

Isab. If all Brides should be so fool'd, I'd forswear Marriage.*Aph.* Methought I saw my Father in a Vault,

His silver hair made crimson by his blood,

My Brother at his Herle upon his knees

Taking a solemn Oath for his revenge,

Yet all this while so fancy fool'd my sense

Methought that I was here, when on the instant

My Lord in preparation for my bed,

Was by an ugly Fiend ravish'd from hence

And hurried to destruction, here I waked,

And trust me *Isabel*, I scarce believe

But what I saw was real. Heard'ſt thou nothing ?

Isab. I heard discourse of People in your chamber

Not half an hour since : but they went forth
And to my seeming full of discontent,
But know not who they were.

Aph. Oh it is true, help me *Isabel*,
Ple to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul
Sits like a Mine of Lead within me,
Come Girl.

Isab. This sad sight
Befits a funeral, not a bridal night.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E. II.

Enter Clotaire and the Eunuch.

Clot. Eunuch I'me resolved, I will be cruel
Since she's defil'd, and like a Chrystal Well
That has her spring poysoned by the enemy,
Of which it's death for the besieg'd to taste,
Such are adulterate waters. *Castrato*
What read'st thou in our brow ?

Eu. A foolish grudging of the mother still.
Clot. A settled resolution my black Saint
Not to be alter'd by the brackish tears
Which flow in pregnant eyes of easy woman,
My honour calls for vengeance, and I'll do ;
Ha, how ! she's gone, and I have lost mine anger too.

{ looks on
{ the Bed.

Eu. But whither is she gone, to some new Groom,
Who being fool'd in expectation
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.

Clot. Thou hast awaked me, I'le know where she is,
Hell nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me :
Who waites ? *La-key.*

La. My Lord.

[*Enter La-key.*

Clot. Where is thy Lady ? where is *Aphelia* ?

La. She's even now gone forth.

Clot. Forth ! with whom ?

La. There was one with her, but whether man or woman
I am uncertain ; but sure it was a man,
she would not dare to venture out so late else.

Clot. Get to thy rest, [*Exit La-key.*
I'le take thy word Eunuch for the Kingdoms wealth.

Isab.

F 2

Eu.

Eu. Oh d'ye begin to credit now,
Now when perhaps it is too late.
This comes of patience.

Clo. Turn patience into fury, love to hate,
My softer temper to a heart of Steel ;
Respect to Wedlock and the Sacred Vow
Made 'fore the Holy Alter to the Priest,
Thus I do fling ye off ; Revenge shall move
About our Bridal-bed instead of Love.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Watch.

Clov. Upon your lives let no man pass that way.

Watch. We shall obey in all.

Clov. If he resist or offer violence
In his escape, knock out his brains.

Watch. We'll do our best my Lord.

Clov. There's your reward, be carefull and be gone. [Ex. Watch.
You shall posseſs the Cave : my self will in
And visit these night-revellers, such sport
I will administer, shall make them dance
Laulot's in the air ; this shall Fiddle to them :
Have you the Habit *Strephon* ?

Lam. With these hands I did dis-robe the Statue of your Father.
And they are ready.

Clov. Landrey, blood does swell
The Monsieur's thoughts, to send thy soul to Hell. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Landrey solus. Musique above plays.

Lan. The air's perfum'd, each room thro' which I walk
Banquets the sens', courts the appetite. [Hole open.
Of every faculty that makes up man
To complement is into Paradise :
If then Elysum's here, where are those shades,

Those

Those blessed apparitions Poets feign ?
Appear my goddess and out-sing the Poets.

[Enter Fredegonde.]

Reality of fancy, that excellest

The faint expression of a lazy tongue

Whose roof is hous'd with flesh, to tell thy worth,

Tongues tipt with Immortality would faint in't.

Qu. Excellent servante, what House do you write to ?

Poet and Actor both ! why this sudden gaze ?

Your cases are too narrow for your eyes,

Pray keep your optiques Sir, for *Venus* service.

She looks admiringly on her.

Lan. No,

I'le play the Prodigal with my precious sight,

And spend all on you ; to view your second

Were such a happiness, after the which,

It were a sin to see more.

Qu. Bless me *Rablaſſ* !

And all ye softer fancies of the *French*,

What ails the man ! my *Landrey-Lauſeat* ?

Lan. It is my Queen that's *Landrey*, whose bleſt ſight

Creates a Poet ; this divine feature

Heaven only fram'd to make men ingeuous.

Qu. Is this *Extempore* ? or have you hired

Some Hackney-Mufe acquainted with the road

Of vulgar exorcisms, to charm sweet Beauties ?

Take up at this speed, else your Mufe will founder.

Lan. Founder and have her foindress by ! with patience

Hear but these poor exprefſions of your worth,

Which faintly Paint forth your perfections,

And you shall bleſs my Mufe.

Qu. We'le hear your Jigg,

How is your Ballad Titled ? come pronounce.

Lan. From head to foot my Miftris been

[*Lan. reads.*]

Far-excelling beauties Queen.

Had *Jaſon* but beheld her hair,

The Golden-Fleece had ne're ſeem'd fair.

Those Stars (which Mortals ſuppoſe eyes),

Were ascendant in the Skies :

When it fell to *Venus* lot

That little *Cupid* was begot.

Her tongue, (in which the Spheres do move

Organ of divinest Love).

Was by *Apollo* fram'd, that he

From thence might learn more harmony.

Who notes her teeth, and lips, diſcloses

Walls of Pearl, and Gates of Roses,
 Two-leaved-doors that lead the way
 Through her breath & Arabia;
 To which would Cupid grant that bliss
 I'de go a Pilgrimage to kiss
 Those hills of Snow which on her breast
 Rise swelling with a double Crest.
 Mate Parnassus mountain, whence,
 The Muses suck their Eloquence.
 Those Parts which we will not discover,
 He'll imagine that's a Lover.

Like Juno she does go,
 Like Pallas talk, and frow,
 Like Venus in her bliss,
 Each kiss a Cupid is.
 And her hands are as White as snow.

From head to foot &c.

Qu. Leave these aerial viands, taste of what
 Is here substantial; How like you the fruit?

Lan. Let me for ever dwell upon these lips;

Qu. You are too greedy of those rarities;
 And must be dieted, lest surfeiting,
 Your Appetite should sicken and so dye.

Lan. Dye on your Lips, oh death-bed for a Joye
 Whose buried here his grave's immortal Love.
 Here will I dwell and know not age nor sorrow.

Qu. Yet Childrick knew them both.

Lan. A Frosty Prince
 Begot on January by a Dutchman,
 And worthy of those flames he now indures.

Qu. What noise is this? guard me divinity. Enter Clov.

Clov. What has my rashneis done! she's my mother from under
 My conscience tells me I was much too blame the Stage in
 Thus to delude her senses; she returns. the old Kings

Qu. Oh Childrick I confess 'twas I that kil'd thee, habits, Land.
 These hands administred that fatal dram flies off the
 Which set thy soul on wing. Q.1. swoons;

Clov. What do I hear?

Qu. Oh do not snatch my soul from out the world he flings off his
 Till I have bath'd it in repenting tears habits & holds
 And made it fit for Heaven. her up.

Clov. She faints again. Enter Strephon at the Hole,
 O Welcome Strephon, lend thy gentle hand which digested more
 Which Master's Nature, and does life restore; Beyond

Beyond the art of *Escalopus*,
Apply thy gentlest medicines.

Lam. Let us withdraw, my life Sir answer hers if she miscarry.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter the Watch.

1. Stand close, stand close, I heard a kind of bussling e're while.
2. Bussling, and they come this way here's that shall busle them.
3. Peace, peace ; he's drunk and will betray us all. [*Enter Lan.*]

Lan. I am betray'd, the Monsieur seeks my life,
All ways against my escape are fortify'd.

Oh cruel Fortune, Bawd to time and Fate
That soothest us up to make us ruinate.

Ha, what is here ? great goddess pardon me, { *he finds the habit*
I have offended 'gainst thy deity. { *and putt it on.*

This shall delude the Watch ; thrice blessed hap
That thus deliver st whom they would intrap.

2. I will no stand, nor I cannot stand, I say { *they pull the drun-*
I see a voice, d'ye think I'me drunk, what's { *ken Watchman to*
That horrid sinell, what's that ? { *be quiet.*

1. 3. Blefs us, oh blefs ; diabolo, diabolo, diabolo. [*Exeunt.*]

2. The devil, what devil care I ; keep off devil,
I say keep off ; I do not fear thee : are you sneaking
Back, you cowardly rogue d'ye budge ; I hate a cowardly
Devil as I hate a drunkard, take you that. [*knoocks him down.*]

Lan. Oh, oh, oh.

2. Oh, oh ; I'll warrant you I'll make you cry oh : what a devil
Made you in my way : I will now see what money you carry.
About you : men say the Prince of darkness is a Gentleman ;
By'r Lady he ha good cloaths on, but yet for all that
He may have no money.

Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Queen.
Strephon with his false Beard off.

Qn. I know not where he is, or if I did,
Before I'de yield him up to thy revenge
I'de dyeten thousand deaths.

Clo. v.

Clov. Strepion, Strepion,
 For so I still must call thee ; thou hast seen,
 And heard those things delivered, that do split
 My heart in sunder, yet amongst these griefs
 Which sit like Mines of Lead upon my soul
 There is one corner of my heart that joys
 Thy innocent blood has escaped butchery.
 Thou glorious light that in thine natural orb
 Didst comfortably shine upon this Kingdom,
 How is thy worth eclyped ? what a dull darknes
 Hangs about thy fame ? in all this piece
 To every limb whereof I once paid duty,
 I know not where to find my Mother.

Qu. The devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

Clov. Oh that I had no eyes, so you no shame :
 Murcher your Husband to arrive at Lust,
 And then to lay the guilt on innocents :
 Blush, blush thou worse then woman.

Qu. Ha, ha, ha.

Clov. Hold my heart,
 You're impudent in sin, has your proud Page
 Made you thus valiant ? tell me where he is,
 For if you dally with me, know this hand
 Shall pull him from thy heart tho' cabbin'd there.

*Qu. How dar'st thou cloath thy speech in such a phrase
 To me thy natural Mother ?*

Clov. My Mother !
 Adulterate woman, shame of Royalty
 I blush to call thee Mother : thy foul Lusts
 Have taught me words of that harsh consequence
 That stigmatize obedience, and do brand
 With mis becoming accents filial-duty.
 Deliver quickly where this Leacher is,
 Here hous'd he must be, for he cannot 'scape,
 Lest wildness conquering my safer sense,
 Thrust forth my hand into an act of horror,
 And leave you breathless here. Will you disclose ?

*Qu. What French Neronian Spirit have we here ?
 Insolent boy wilt thou turn Parricide ?*

*Clov. The Justice of my cause would well excuse me,
 If I should execute : speak Murthereis,
 Where have you mew'd your Monster ?*

*2. Here lies the Monster ; O rare Monster ; two beards, I'll put
 On this too that's certain, two heads O delicate dainty Monster.* b*I*
What

What a brave Monſter ſhall I be, the Conſtable himſelf ^{he is the}
 Cannot make a better Monſter, I will ſteal by theſe, get ^{habit of}
 Me home, ſell theſe gay cloaſths, buy half a dram of Juiſtice ^{Child of}
 And be a Monſter of the Peace immediately. ^{fers to}

Clov. Will you confeſs, or—drop oh mine eye-balls out, ^{I ſteal by.}
 And thou my ſolid fleſh diſſolve to earth.

Lam. How fares it with your Grace? Great Monſieur ſpeak.

Clov. Look there Lamor, feeleſt thou that horrid ſhape,
 Which I unjuſtly did but now muſt, ^{ſurp.}
 Looks it not like the King, Lamor what ſay'ſt thou?
 Shall I go kneel to't, call it honour'd Father,
 And beg a pardon for my trefpaſis done?
 It would depart, but I will caſt it back:
 Stay thou bleſt ſpirit, Royal father, turn,
 Behold thy ſon, thy Clovis on his knees,
 O pardon gentle ſpirit pardon me.

2. That's my good Boy, riſe, but d'ye hear ſirrah,
 Put no more tricks nor gulls upon me; my ſon,
 I have but one and he's three quarters rogue by this time;
 He's e'n as like thee as over he can peep,
 Bleſs my Boy, I like him n're the better for't,

Clov. What ſtrange illuſion's this? what art thou ſpeak,
 Or I will nail thee dead againſt the wall.

2. Just ſuch another Rogue have I to my ſon as this;
 He has his very words too, thou art mine own,
 I wonder where I got thee, cauſt not thou remember?

Lam. Villain? How cam'ſt thou by that babit? who ar't, ſpeak?

2. Is it the Monſieur? I have made a brave hand on't then;
 Lord, Lord, ſee how good cloaſths makes us forget our ſelves:
 My name is Poſſes, my trade a Cobler,
 One of the Conſtables Watch in extraordinary;
 And if you will believe me Mr. Monſieur,
 It went againſt my ſtomach very much,
 That you should dare preuume to call me father,
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Clov. Tell me how thou cam'ſt by theſe cloaſths? I'll pardon thee.

2. Truly I came lawfully by them, for I ſtole them,
 The devil and I fought 15 hours for them,
 He broke my head a dozen times at leaſt;
 At laſt I mauſt'd the rascal, and he lies there.

Lam. Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the gin,
 Here lies the great Landrey.

Qu. O horrid ſin.

Clo. This habit might have spoil'd all of you, even a Devil
But Goblin now you're caught, what is he desir'd a Queen to him
Lime Scarce hurt my Lord; how durst Sir, look up? [Exit Clo]
2. Is not the devil dead?

Clo. Hold hold, you have done well.
2. Then whistle jack-a-dandy. [Enter Eunuch hastily.]

En. Where is the Queen?

Qn. Here Eunuch as thou seest in misery.

En. Oh my heart, how came they hither? [Enter Clo]

Qn. All that I know is that we are betray'd.

En. I'll set them packing fear't not; My good Lord's whispers will
2. D'ye hear friend Lucifer, what Cat's your father? & Clovis.

How many lives have you got, ha diabolos?

Clo. Thou art a faithfull servant.

En. Sir, the Rebels.

Clo. Give them a nobler title, by my life
I do applaud their courage, come they on?

En. Yes, and Brissac is made their General.

Clo. A hopefull Youth fraught with nobility,
And all the gracefull qualities that virtue
Man truly honourable, mine injuries
Have stirr'd him up to this.

En. His father's dead.

Clo. Trust me I'me sorry for't, grief has broke his heart,
And mine Castrav, too: can't thou imagine
Who was the authors of our Father's death?

En. Am I betray'd, they lend me confidence,
I'me sure I cannot blush, Royal Sir, whom?

Clo. Our Mother and Landrey, and this Lamer
They meant I should bear the blame: this was Sraphon.

En. It's wondrous strange. Would I were fairly off. [Aside.]

Clo. But what news with Aphelia, and her Bridegroom?

En. As you could wish, he's full of jealousy,
No Frenchman e're was more Italian,
I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works;
Hither I've brought Aphelia too: to morrow
You shall hear further; sport I'll warrant you.
What will you do with these?

Clo. Castrav, thus:
Nature for bids me spill my Mothers blood,
And Landrey is unfit for my revenge,
For I must study torments for the slave,
Therefore I give them upto your tuition
Untill we shall return victorious.

1. Quid Observe, that there is none comfort yet. [Aside to Lan.
2. Then we'll determine of them; if we fall
Let Clostaire point them out a friend,
Reward this fellow largely with our Purse,
His merits are 2000 Crowns, perform it. [Gives him a purse.

2. The Lord preserve my Son, I mean the Monsieur,
I truly did I, I was overjoy'd,
And knew not what I said, no truly Son.
If I can keep all this wealth without running mad,
Then Porthos may become an Alderman:
Drink I adore thee, drink good fellows all,
Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall.
O me, what a rare thing it is to be a Monsieur! [Exit.

Clev. A moral drunkard, Go away with them,
And on your life let them not stir from hence. [Exit Eu. Qd.
Now my revenge grows to maturity,
We're to Dumaine, Lamot, and joyn with him:
Now France, thou ly'st a bleeding, thou shalt prove
What 'e's soof's the Monsieur in his Love. [Exit Dames.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE II

Drum. Enter Charles Brissac, Dumaine, Burbon,

Lanone, Martel.

Dum. For certain then the Princes are at odds.

Bris. Yes, and grounds the marriage of my Sister.

Burb. The ulcerous State is ripe, and we must launce it.

Bris. The King does whote my Sister, she's not his
But true and Lawfully the Monsieur's Wife.

Dum. Did not one Strophen wait upon the Prince?

Bris. Yes, such there was, but little nois'd at Court.

Dum. That was Lamour, a fair and noble friend.

Burb. I wonder that we hear not from him yet.

Lanone. There's some design on foot that hinders him. [Exit.

Dum. What means this noise? [Step forth and let. [Exit.

Bris. The Monsieur! O death we are luxuriz'd. [Cry.

Suddenly snar'd, let each man to his charge. [Monk. the Mon.

Burb. Heark still the noise engrangish. [Exit.

Lanone. By the sound. [Exit.

This is a shout of joy, and note of dread, said *Eustache Maffet*, La
Bris. What news, *Martel* to armes d'azot, said Monsieur.
Mart. You may inform your self; a two months insognaunce and
Mon. Brissac, Dumasne, Burbon, and the rest, all our friends
 Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp,
 I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,
 If this will serve you, so; I am a friend.

Bris. The Monsieur welcome, and his worth will grace, and be A
 The dignity of this days work in hand.

Mon. My almost Brother once suffice, I thank you
 And fairly greet this brave assembly,
 Whose souls do look for stirring opposits,
 When your resistance I fear will be slander.

Bris. If we obtain a glorious victory, Without a crimson tincture of the Field
 it will be better: therefore I think it fit We set upon them e're they be prepar'd,
 Twill save much blood on both sides.

Mon. Be it so, Let us reform the Land, not overthrow. Against the Moh
 We will about it freight, lead on before. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT V SCENE I SCENE II.

Enter Eunuch solus. *He draws a Curtain where Landrey sits bound at one end of the Table, and she Queen at the other.*

Ex. Here sits our Beldeam, dieted for venery
 And by her, her Landrey, not infected
 Her Ladyship swallow'd a mouldy crut,
 He stinking water to piece out his life,
 Between them both they banquet like one Slave
 Condemned perpetually to the Butcher,
 They think I know not that they sins are hid,
 When it is only I that see them thus.
 How wickedly they look, off and Jaundie,
 To hear them rail at other's misery.
 He curses her, and he doth curse him,
 And both each other damn for their offences.
 Learn ye that pamper up your heart to Bell,
 The Eunuch in his wickedness is just.

They

They sleep too long, and take too much of ease
I must awake ye, play and play aloud.

[Hoboys within,

Qn. A Mischief take the keeper, hardned dogg
Whom no distress can melt or mollify,
The cruel King does not deny us sleep.

En. Most gentle Queen,
I am not guilty of these harsh voiced words :
Your wilder sense hurles at me ; you mistake.
I am your Eunuch one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Castrato*, wast not those tear, in vain,
Come hither and I'll catch those falling drops
Which prodigally overflow their banks,
There's nectar in thine eyes, oh let me drink it.

En. Tho' I be tortur'd for't, I'll relieve ye.

[Exit.

Qu. It has quencht half my thirst to find some pity,
Lan. One bit of bread tho' it were gray with age,
Hoary and crusted with a Second bark,
Would seem a Banquet to my empty Gorge.
Oh, I am worn to nothing with this want,
Such emptiness has hunger made of me
That you may draw me on another mat.
Some bread, some bread.

Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat; he Congres to the Queen
with great Ceremony.

Qu. Oh thou art welcome, quick dear Eunuch quick;
Away with form and ceremonious duty!
Respect in this is too respectless.

En. Oh give me leave, I will begin a health;
'Tis very good, exceeding pleasant wine.

Qu. Dost thou deride my sufferance?

En. No not I.

Qu. Give me the drink then, I'm all flame and fire.

En. Say you so, say you so, then you must pardon;
I love your safety, and its dangerous
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and dry
In the mean time I will begin to you
How tart and pleasant this is to the pallet;
A Sweeter Pheasant Christendome affords not.

Lan. I thank thee Eunuch, prettilye give me;

En. You'll let me tast it for you, will you not
Are you to happy & still you shew so dusky,
Gentle sir it will digest the better.

Lan.

Land. More, more, that's excellent, *5 he unlooseth his arms a little*
Eu. Madam here's for you now. *2 that he might feed himself.*

Qu. May heaven reward thee for't, oh it is rare.

Eu. How do you like your banquet great *Landrey*?

Land. Beyond compare.

Eu. And you your drink.

Qu. The Gods tast not the like.

Eu. Ha, ha, ha, ye have both eat and drunk abominable poison,

Qu. Ha!

Land. How?

Eu. 'Tis true I tell you oracle,
 There's not an hour's life between ye both,
 The poysen's sure, I did prepare it for you;
 And have my self taken an Antidote.
 What say you to th'other bout now with *Landrey*?

I can procure another meeting for you,
 Indeed I can; think you not whoredom sweet
 Now you're a dying? is not your soul at ease?
 The murther of your Husband's but a toy,
 A fly biting, slack you feel it not.

Qu. Oh Villain, Villain, Villain.

Land. Inhumane slave, trecherous rascal.

Eu. Goods bobes, are you at Liberty? *5 Land. gets from*
 How got you loose? a knife too, hoyty topty. *2 his Chair.*

Land. Faintness for want of food, I fear will trap me,
 Yo'r very nimble Rascal; *[Land. falls following the Eu. as a short*

Eu. Oh Lord sir, you know the cause, *5 turn, & being down, the Eu.*
 I'm lighter by a stone or two then you, *5 gets upon him & disarms him.*
 Yet I am weight enough to keep you down;
 Stir and thou dy't, now sir what say you to me?
 How do you like your Princess? is she game some?
 Did she apply her self like aape whose
 Unto your loose embraces?

Qu. Dog, let him rise.

Eu. Pardon me great Madam, I beseech you.
 Under your Graces favour be it spoken,
 He is our cushion and I lie sit on him; grab at his yester morrow
 I do not altogether weigh a man, *5 Land. turns out of*
 As I live dead, prefst to death without second; *5 Land. turns out of*
 Stark dead; a very strong-hearted Monsieur.
 What say you to his Statue now in Ginger-bread?
 It were a Monument too good for *Landrey*, *5 Land. turns out of*
 But fit thee there again: Once more to you, *5 Qu. turns out of*
 Who, if your Poysen do not work me fast, *5 Qu. turns out of*

Shall see more sights like these before you dye,
Your Organ-pipe's already out of tune.

I'll leave ye a peeping-hole, thro' which you shall { leaves the Cur-
See sights shall kill thee faster then thy poysen. { tain half open.
I am prepared now for Aphria's death,
All things are ready, and behold the King ; [Enter Clot. sadly.
Now for my part.

Clot. I am too pityfull, a wat'ry flux
Which soft and tender-hearted men call tears
Stand on mine eyes, and does express a nature
Too like my barer, it is now with me
Full Tide in sorrow : my *Cinthia* governs strongly ;
What do the wise,
Castrato. call this moisture, which presumes
To mediate betwixt my wrath and me ?

Eu. Expressions of a weak and silly nature,
Passions of fools and women ; are you a man
And bear so tame a soul, such a smock-spirit ?
The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger :
Pray let her live untill the Pages write,
And hopping *Balladire's* voice Rhimes upon you ;
This will sound bravely, will it not ?

Clot. Bring her in.

Aph. Use not such violence good Gentlemen.
I'll walk a Lamb to slaughter, not repine
At any torments ye shall put me to ;
Only be modest ; commend me to my Lord,
I doubt I never shall behold him more ;
For by the Calculation of your looks
I have not long to live.

Clot. Confess and turn thy fate, give me to know
With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,
Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginity :
And ease me of a load that bears more weight
Then what my youthfull sins have heap'd upon me.

Aph. If ever —

Clot. No more of that, it tends to madness :
I'll force it from thee, bring forth the tortures there, { a pan of coals
I'll try if in these fiery instruments. { and searing-
There lies a tongue which better can persuade
Confession from thee, these red hot, apply'd
Unto thy breasts, shall there extract
All future hope to suckle lawless issue ;
The poysonous springs which from these hills arise.

Shall

Shall have their fountain head damn'd up by these.

Aph. I've heard you swear that you were poor in words,
And knew not to express the happiness
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here :
How much my Lord is alter'd from himself !

Clo. 'Tis thou art alter'd : True, *Aphelia*,
That whil'st thy purer thoughts did awe thy will
I lov'd like an Idolater ; I was possest
That these two twins, these globes of flesh, contain'd
All that was happy both in earth and heaven ;
In this I could descry the milky way,
The Maiden Zone that girds the waste of heaven ;
In this the seat of Paradise, and how
The wanton rivolets play'd about the Isle
Which puzzles Geography : All this I could
In thee my sometime chaste *Aphelia*
Find and rejoice in, but thou art now
An undrest Wilderness, wherein I walk,
Losing my self 'mongst multitudes of beasts
And salvage actions : come dispatch.

Aph. Sir —

Clo. I'le hear no more.

Aph. Heaven will then,
And tho' it be an ear far distant hence,
Both hear and pity me : Oh my lov'd Lord,
Should but a dream work on my fancy
That you were thus to suffer as I am,
It would conspire to kill me with more speed
Then these your threatening Ministers, alas !
I'de force a gentler nature in the Steel,
And with my rainy eyes weep out the heat,
Which as it dyes should hiss it self to scorn,
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you ;
And will you then, a bold spectator stand,
Smiling at what I suffer ? Shed but one tear,
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,
A little seeming woe, and I shall dye,
Sick of your kindness, not your cruelty.

Clo. Oh my soft temper, her sweet harmony
Will melt me into fool.

Eu. Oh this is brave,
A whining Cuckold.

Clo. Whore, will you confess ?
Speak or I'le break thy heart.

Aph.

Aph. My gentle Lord.

Clos. Ungentle where thou lyest, I am not gentle,
Thou canst not catch me more with oyly founds,
Speak swiftly to my words, whose whore art thou?

Aph. My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,
Your actions do forbid, which write me slave
And not your equal: if to be your wife
Has plucked this misery upon my head,
Or caused in you this phrensie, put me oft;
I will endure it patiently; but if e're —

Clos. The old tune this, come come the Irons there. *they fear one*

Aph. Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly, *of her breasts.*
Ple not blaspheme, no nor think ill of Heaven;
Altho' my injuries would half persuade,
Gods are not, or are deaf to innocents.

1 *Mes.* Arm, arm my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about *Drum. Enter*
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men. *a Messenger* *hastily.*
Approved Warriors, souls of Blood afire,
That only know to do, and not to suffer,
Make head against you; believe me sir,
A braver troop, and spirits more resolved,
Life never put in action. *[Enter another Messenger.]*

2 *Mes.* Fly, fly my Lord.

Clos. Villain it is no Language for a Prince.
2. *Mes.* Then stand upon your Guard, yet that's as bad, *[Drum.]*
The Castle-walls are made of walking Steel,
And you but tempt your death in your escape
If you stay here provok't.

The Monsieur like the god of war bestrides
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud
To be so backed as knowing whom she bears.
So Centaur-like he's anchored to his seat
As if he had twin'd with the proud Beast he rides on,
And were incorporate with the Steed that bears him;
He grows unto his Saddle all one piece
And that unto his Horse, who thus unmov'd
Sits like a *Persens* on his *Pegassus*
Stable and fleet.

Clos. Is he joyn'd with them too?
Then doomsday is at hand, I see my ruine,
Go to the Castle-walls, and Summon them
To render an account of their intents,

Away I say be gone : Come hither Eunuch,
Look here's a Pistol, in which ~~your~~ death, signifieth
A heavy leaden sleep.

Eu. Would you I should
Try the conclusion here? make her confess, (M. A.)
By other instruments her horrid guilt,
In this there's too much mercy.

Clo. Hear me speak, (had an intention to be brief, but)
Ple trouble her no further, let her sin (and a killing of Lestern) be
Be punisht from above, I'll wait heavens leisure
Here Eunuch take thou this, it was prepar'd
For the adulterate *Lady*, here receive it,
And if thou lovest me, use it upon me;
Come shoot me thro', I know I shall be slain, on earth, for my faults
If not by thee, yet by the enemy; and as such as to prevent
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn
Of the insulting foe, which is a death
So full of horror to the conquered,
No tyranny is like it; use this handfull,
The wholsomest weed that nature can produce
In the large store-house of her providence
Can shew no simile like it, for this cures
At once the sickness of the mind and body.
Thou shalt; I know thou will, I prethee takst,
It is not murder (tender-hearted soul),
That thou committest, rather a sacrifice
For which heaven will reward thee,

Eu. I ne're was liker to express my self
Then at this minute; do not betray the tears;
The Eunuchs nature must be harsh and cruel;
Tho' I do undertake this deed,
Bear witness heaven it is against my will.

App. O spare him Eunuch, spare, save my Lord.

Eu. Peace foolish woman, 'zis thou killst thy Lord.
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;
Pray let me kiss your hand, and take my leave
Of my best, best Master.

Clo. Do't and be sudden then — ha, what means this? — *be whips*

Eu. Marry Sir this it means, *Sword*
That if this fail this shall perform the deed,
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,
I am the excellent'lt alive at these toys,

Look

Look here my couensed fool I do not bungle.

Clo. Are these dead then?

Eu. As sure as you live, pray ask them else,

Unless this *Euis* flesh, too intese in heat,

Be lingring still behind : she's scarcely dead,

But in headyng ears I'le howl this noise :

Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy family,

Mark but how kindly for thy sake I'le use him.

Clo. Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,
So has my dearest Lady, oh, my heart.

Eu. Oh do you so? do you so?

Qu. Oh oh oh!

Eu. There broke a Strumpets heart.

Clo. How fain would I preserve my self from death

Since my *Aphelia's* chaste, to think her false,

Not that I fear'd the foe, made me despair

Of future comfort: Eunuch spare my life,

I will forgive thee, and reward thee too:

Remember who it is that sues to thee,

Eu. In that remembrance I have lost my self;

I cannot strike him, my relenting heart

Erns on his Princely person ; take your Sword,

But on condition *Chorus*, thou shalt swear

By thy descent, thy Princely Parentage,

By the wrong'd souls of all those innocents,

By thy Lust sacrific'd, by *Aphelia's* self,

Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,

Upon receipt to guide the fatal point

Directly to my heart: My time is past, *Drum beats within.*

Quickly dispatch, resolve to do or die,

And what shall grieve thee more then all the rest,

Aphelia shall bear thee company.

Clo. To save her life I'le undertake this deed.

Eu. I'le teach thee to be speedy in the fact:

Remember how thy noble Father dy'd,

Into thy bosom cast thine inward eyes,

And view what sorrows I have heaped on thee,

Behold thy Mother murdered by this hand,

Look on this Innocent, and let her wrongs,

Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slantheir;

I cannot brook delay.

Clo. Take thy reward.

A Heathen and a Traytor dye with thee.

En. A Christian Heathen Cloaire if thou will,

Made so by thee, read that and break thy heart. *Slings him a note,*

Clovis. Force ope the dore, [Enter the Army. The bands amazed,

Seize on his Royal Person, now Cloaire

Thou art the Monsieur's pris'ner, Tyrant lay

Where is Aphelia your Adulteress?

Bris. O my dear Sister.

Clov. O molt horrid sight; my mother & Landry both murthered.

Dum. Here lies that Villain Eunuch; Hell-hound up:

Whose hands have slain thy Mistress?

En. None of mine.

They're near ally'd to thee that did this deed,

Croilda and a woman.

Dum. Villain thou ly'lt, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage.

And for this twice five years (with grief I speak it)

Been wandring none knows where.

Clo. What am I? What strange and uncouth thing?

En. A Ravisher, And better to instruct thee in thy self

Had not Croilda been incestuous. [she King offers to kill himself.

Dum. Hold hold your Royal hand, what will

You do?

Clo. What else but follow her? shall Cloaire live

A Captain to his Brother, slaved in sin, And to find you wi

Iathral'd in Wedlock, that's incestuous?

A Ravisher, and Murtherer of his friend,

There's no way left so rid me but my sword

Of all these ills at once. Oh my Croilda: [falls upon the Bed weeping.

Dum. My Sister

Clo. Ay Dumain: no Eunuch she,

No Sun-burnt vagabond of Africa;

Tho' entertain'd for such by Fredegonda;

I say here lies thy ravish't sister, slain

By me the Ravisher.

Dum. Hold, hold thy heart.

En. I forgive thee Cloaire; freely forgive thee:

And let Aphelia do the like to me:

I bare to her no malice; only this,

I would not have her to enjoy the man

That had so near relation unto me.

Clov. This writes thee perfect woman.

Eu. Lend me thy hand *Cloaire*, have I thy hand,
I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on
A masculine spirit to perform the deed :
Alas how frail our resolutions are,
A Woman's weakness conquer'd my revenge,
I'd Power enough to quit my parents wrongs :
And they which should have seen me act my part,
Would not believe I should so soon prove Haggard :
But there is something dwells upon thy brow
That did persuade me to Humanity :
Thou injurest me, and yet I spar'd thy life,
Thou injurest me, yet I would dye by thee ;
And like to my lost sex, I fall and Perish,

[she dyes.]

Clos. Speak for ever, speak *Chrosilda*.

Dam. Farewell great Heart,
My sister's in mine eyes, this brave revenge
Should have been mine, and not thine act, *Chrosilda*.
Away salt Rhume, *Chrosilda* laughs at thee,
Her spirit was more manly.

Aph. I must weep too,
Her injuries and mine are so near kin,
That they must bare each other Company
In tears of bloud and death. Brother I faint,
And my griev'd heart too long with death opprest,
Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

Clos. Art thou joyn'd with her too, against thy self ?
Will my *Aphelia* leave me ?

Aph. For ever King,
The hand of heaven lyes on me : for I feel
My inward and external injuries
Wrestle with life, in which Contention
My soul is worried by that tyrant death,
I must forsake thee *Cloaire*.

Clos. Stay a while, It is unkindly done to leave me thus :
Ob the is gone, for ever, ever gone, [she dyes.]
And I stand prating here between them both,
The fatal cause of death unto them both.
Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,
Prove not a Rebell to thy Prince like these !

It's well there is some Loyalty in thee yet, { he falls into a Chair
Thou art commanded by me : 2 beswixt them both

Bris.

Bris. Gracious Leige.

Cler. Charles I have injur'd thee, and thee Dumaine,
Can ye forgive me.

*Dum. Good your grace
Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.*

*Cler. I consider well; and the great King
The quondam Monsieur, shall not deny me this:
Half of the Honours of the dead Landry
We do confer on thee; the other half
Be thine Dumaine, Charles shall be Duke of France,
Thou of the Pallace Major: this is our will.*

Dum. Great King you are not so near your death.

Lam. Forfende if heaven.

Mons. Look up my gracious Brother.

*Cler. I begin to faint,
A Darkness like to death hangs on mine eyes:
Give me thy hand Brissac, and thine Dumaine.
Good Gentle-souls, when ye shall mention me,
And Elder time shall rip these actions up,
Dissected and anotomized by you,
Touch sparingly this story, do not read
Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,
Lest you inforce posterity to blast
My name and memory with endless curses:
Call me an honourable murtherer :
And finish there as I do.*

*Dum. O Noble Prince
Whose fame was very essence to his soul,
That gone, the other fled : chusing to dye
Rather then live a Prince in infamy.*

*Mons. A heavy spectacle of grief and woe,
Have we beheld since our arrival here;
Take up the body of the King, and these,
Which for his sake on either hand lie slain,
They shall be buried in one monument :
And take up these : this was a Royal Queen,
When virtue steer'd her thoughts, but we may see,
We fall like these, and like these, thus we end.*

*5. A dead March.
2. Recorder.
1. Excuse Omer.*

F I N E.

